INDIA AND KOREA: ALICE THORNER

THE Nation

January 2, 1954
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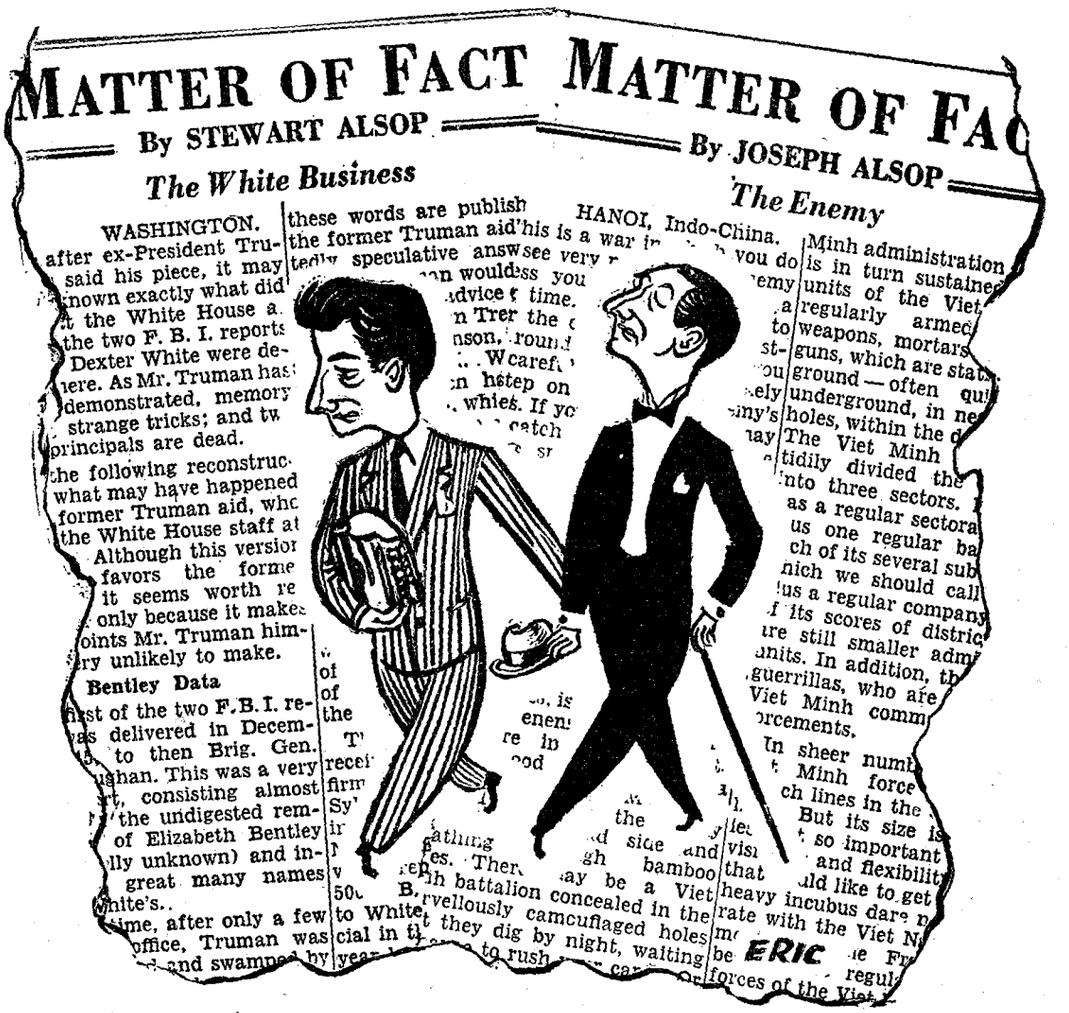

MATTER OF FACT

By STEWART ALSOP

The White Business

WASHINGTON. after ex-President Tru- said his piece, it may known exactly what did the White House a. the two F. B. I. reports Dexter White were de- here. As Mr. Truman has demonstrated, memory strange tricks; and tw principals are dead.

The following reconstruc- what may have happened former Truman aid, whc the White House staff at

Although this versior favors the forme it seems worth re only because it makes points Mr. Truman him- ry unlikely to make.

Bentley Data

first of the two F.B.I. re- as delivered in Decem- to then Brig. Gen. ushan. This was a very rt, consisting almost the undigested rem- of Elizabeth Bentley lly unknown) and in- great many names hite's.

time, after only a few office, Truman was and swamped by

these words are publish the former Truman aid 'his is a war in tedly speculative answ see very n an would ss you advice t time. n Trer the nson, round ... We carefu n hstep on whies. If yo catch

MATTER OF FAC

By JOSEPH ALSOP

The Enemy

HANOI, Indo-China. you do emy a to st- ou ely iny's ay

Minh administration is in turn sustaine units of the Viet regularly armed weapons, mortars guns, which are stat ground — often qui underground, in ne holes, within the d The Viet Minh tidily divided the into three sectors. as a regular sectora us one regular ba ch of its several sub nich we should call us a regular company f its scores of distric re still smaller admi nits. In addition, th guerrillas, who are Viet Minh comm rcements.

In sheer numb Minh force ch lines in the But its size is so important and flexibilit uld like to get heavy incubus dare n rate with the Viet N e Fr regul

the side and bamboo that ay be a Viet battalion concealed in the rvellously camcuflaged holes they dig by night, waiting to rush

forces of the Viet

The Alsops

Celestial Pipe Line

by Edgar Kemler

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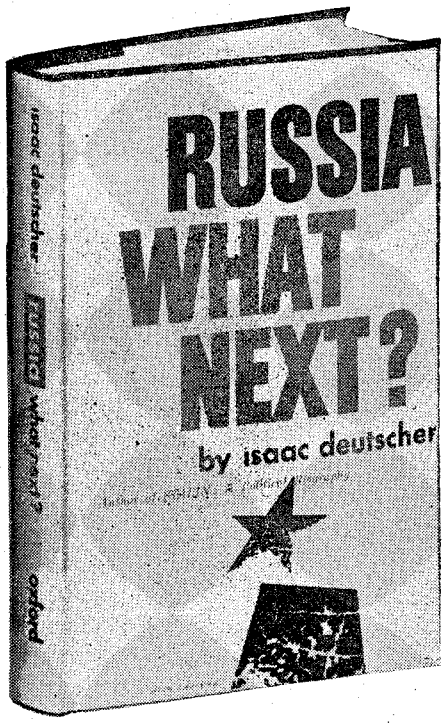

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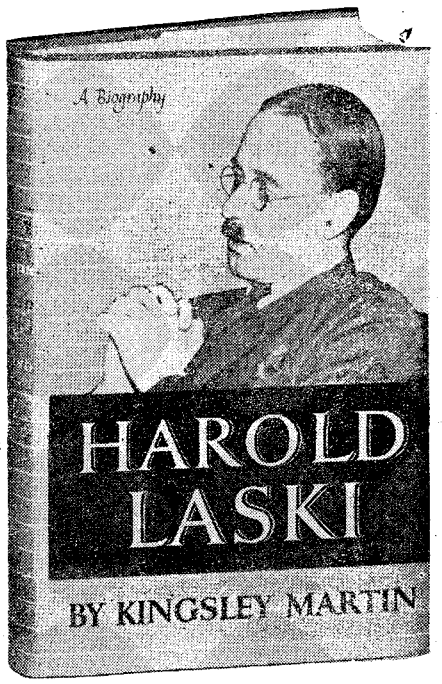

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THE Nation
EVERY WEEK SINCE 1865

EDITORIALS

The Shape of Things

Happier New Year

The holidays have slid by, taking with them a year nobody will miss. Yet they seemed, for some reasons worth noting, a little more cheerful than their immediate predecessors. The A-bomb symbol still stood at the top of the Christmas tree—in place of the shepherds' star—as it has since 1946, but it was tied on a little tighter this time and shone with a less baleful light. And this is because, along with the wondrous advance in the means of global suicide, there has spread throughout the world a conscious, noticeable will to survive.

You sense it everywhere, defying the purposes of the bomb. It animates the man in the street in Paris and Lyon and Marseilles who remains stubbornly unconvinced that atomic arms in German hands will keep war away from his door. It animates the same man in New Delhi and Bombay who regards the arming of Pakistan by America as a poor form of peace insurance.

You recognize it as the force behind the West's decision to ask the Russians to a Big Four foreign-ministers meeting at Berlin for consultations on Germany; and behind Russia's acceptance. You caught it in the words of Eisenhower, proposing off-the-airwaves talks about an atom pool for peaceful uses—a speech that implicitly substituted the idea of "coexistence" for that of "liberation." You caught it in Moscow's double-take reply, polite acceptance coming fast after the first hostile reaction. Skepticism regarding both overtures still rule both sides: each perhaps hoped the other would make acceptance impossible, and each expects little of the prospective meetings.

The Cold Stalemate

But they will meet, because they must. For it is now generally accepted that Moscow does not intend to start a bombing war in the foreseeable future. The cold war has become a cold stalemate, freezing the world in a posture of static belligerence, strangling trade, forcing prices up and—except in America—wages down, and the peoples have neither the impetus of combat to make them endure nor the satisfactions of peace to encourage them to labor and progress.

So neither Moscow nor Washington can afford to seem reluctant to meet the other's advances. On both sides it is evident that in 1954 no government will be secure if the people believe it is squeezing their living standard for a cold-war advantage. The agricultural reforms in Russia, the increase in consumer goods throughout Eastern Europe are signs that this is a political fact to be reckoned with. The "instability" in French politics is also a sign—for the most part a healthy one; lectures and threats from Mr. Dulles will not exorcize it.

In one way and another the world is sick to death of being readied for a war it does not intend or expect to have to fight. That is why Eisenhower's atom-pool speech was welcomed everywhere and his proposed talks agreed to by Moscow; why the mere whisper that Churchill is exchanging views with Malenkov sets off a secret vibration of hope in those who hear it. And it is also the reason for the small but clearly detectible increase in optimism that marks the arrival of a new year.

Father Coughlin's Reappearance

On December 5 Father Charles E. Coughlin broke a fourteen-year silence and addressed a public meeting in Detroit. Back in the 1930's Father Coughlin was "silenced" for having declared in a radio broadcast that membership in the United Automobile Workers was inimicable to membership in the Catholic church. But he took the occasion of his first speech after all these years—before the First Friday Club, an organization of Catholic laymen—to urge support for one of the U. A. W.'s major current objectives: the guaranteed annual wage. From October to November factory employment registered a drop of 300,000, six times as great as that usual for the period, and the Michigan State Employment Commission reports 125,000 unemployed as of November 15. Is Father Coughlin being brought back into public life for the purpose, perhaps, of providing Senators McCarthy and McCarran with an appeal which the late Huey Long once heavily stressed but which they have conspicuously neglected—namely, the appeal to social justice? Unlike Huey Long, McCarthy has risen to power in boom times; are we now to witness a resumption of social fascism?

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Oil for Whose Lamps?

The British are seriously concerned lest American oil companies emerge with the upper hand as a result of the current negotiations over the future of the Abadan oil refineries in Iran. Despite the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company's huge stake, the key person in the palavers is not a Briton but Herbert Hoover, Jr., special oil adviser to President Eisenhower. According to reports published in Britain, Mr. Hoover has been shuttling between Washington, London, and Tehran, driving a hard bargain—for the United States, not Britain. The generally pro-American London *Observer* printed these comments from its Tehran correspondent upon Mr. Hoover's arrival in Iran:

> The five oil experts appointed by the Persian Premier to examine every aspect of decaying Abadan have not been asked to make any recommendations. All the recommendations are being made in Washington. The American ambassador in Tehran has easier access to General Zahedi than any Persian official or politician.
>
> Every day the Persian press is bespattered with quotations from American newspapers, issued from the American embassy, on the theme that the Persians will never allow British oil men to return.

Ah, well, there's nothing like a little display of goodwill among allies, especially at this season of the year.

Twisting the Lion's Tail

In voicing his deep abhorrence for the "blood trade" with China, Senator McCarthy usually manages to make it clear that he regards the British as the prime culprits. Yet direct exports from West Germany to China have risen to $18,100,000 for the first nine months of this year, while Britain's exports to China for the same period total only $13,440,000. In addition, West Germany's exports to Hongkong, most of which were undoubtedly consigned to China, amounted to $23,300,000 during the first nine months of 1953 as compared with $10,800,000 for the corresponding period of 1952. Senator McCarthy, of course, is fully aware of the facts, but he is also aware, as always, of the size of his German American constituency in Wisconsin.

Ironically, the principal effect of McCarthy's agitation against Great Britain is to increase pressure there for more trade with China and the Soviet bloc. By failing to mention German or Japanese trade with China he is rapidly convincing the British that his needling tactics have a special purpose which has nothing to do with ideology. The left-wing Laborites, for instance, are citing his attacks as proof of their charge—reported in an A. P. dispatch from London, December 13—that "the United States, Japan, and West Germany intend eventually to grab the China trade for themselves."

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Mice or Men

NOW that *U. S. News and World Report* has taken a poll of Congressional opinion, it should be clear to everyone, including President Eisenhower, that "reds in government" will be a major issue in the 1954 Congressional campaign. Hardly any member of Congress doubts this. Those who are still skeptical should consult Dr. Gallup, who reports that of every ten voters nine are familiar with the Harry Dexter White case and that the one matter on which most voters want the President to take a stronger stand is that of "getting rid of Communists" in the government.

By announcing how they propose to meet it, the Democratic National Committee has in effect conceded the relevance of the issue. The Democrats will seek to prove that they were more diligent and vigorous in "fighting communism" than the Republicans have been.

The weaknesses of the announced strategy are endless. Soon Senator McCarthy will be appearing on the regular weekly television program sponsored by Facts Forum, and he has said that he intends to make frequent appearances in the states in which liberal Democratic Senators are up for reelection this year. He will make mincemeat of the argument that these men are sturdier "anti-Communists" than he is. Once committed to a competition in demagoguery with McCarthy, the Democrats will be forced to prove their case by voting for every witch-hunting measure the Republicans propose. Thus Representative John McCormack, the Democratic whip, has already announced that he favors Brownell's proposal to permit wire-tapping in spy cases.

THE proposed Democratic strategy fails to capitalize on the splits and tensions in the Republican Party. It is no doubt true that more Democrats than Republicans are opposed to McCarthy; nevertheless, the Republicans are sharply divided and the division should be exploited. But this can only be done if the Democrats refuse to embrace McCarthyism; otherwise their appeals to the sense of fairness and decency of the anti-McCarthy Republicans will be useless. The independent voters are also uncertain; here again the Democrats should force a division by exposing the "Communist menace" in America as the hoax that it is.

There are even more practical reasons why the Democrats should refuse to compete with McCarthy. "Anti-communism" tends to become a political obsession.

A case in point is the campaign waged by George Arnold in the recent Twenty-fourth Congressional District election in Los Angeles, which was regarded by tacticians in both parties as a preview of the 1954 campaign. Responding to the needling of some local "anti-Communist" free-booters, Mr. Arnold—a likable person with liberal views and not the kind to take such action on his own initiative—publicly disavowed the support of the liberal magazine *Frontier* "because that magazine has not taken what I consider to be a clear-cut anti-Communist position." But he accepted a $500 contribution from Gifford Phillips, the publisher, who is one of the principal supporters of Americans for Democratic Action in California and a consistent, and generous, contributor to the Democratic Party. Mr. Phillips's record of opposition to communism is every bit as clear-cut as Arnold's.

DURING the campaign Arnold distributed a leaflet to which was attached, in cellophane, a small toothbrush as "a symbol of the American way of life." In America, the leaflet read, every member of the family may have an individual toothbrush, but in Soviet Russia even "well-to-do" families must make one toothbrush serve the needs of the entire family. Although the district had been gerrymandered, Arnold had an excellent chance of winning. He was running in a special election—not a primary—against two active Republican candidates in a district with a normal 6,000 Democratic majority, the fourth candidate being a Democrat who was written off as a rival long before the balloting began. Deeply concerned about the outcome, the liberals, radicals ,and miscellaneous leftists kept in the background and let Arnold run the kind of campaign he and his advisers wanted to run. But the cute toothbrush gimmick and the stern "anti-Communist" tone of the campaign pleased only the Republicans. All they had to do in order to win was simply to close ranks behind Lipscomb, while the Democratic candidate repudiated supporters, disavowed contributors, and demoralized his liberal following. Long-time residents of the district, whose regular participation as precinct workers for the Democratic Party began when George Arnold was in knee breeches, were "screened" by vigilant "anti-Communists" and told that their services were not wanted. Mr. Arnold is not the only promising Democratic Congressional nominee who has failed to win an election in Southern California by the use of these methods. In recent years Dean McHenry, Jerry Harter, and Esther Murray, all admirable candidates, used similar methods and failed to win, proving, perhaps, that Democratic nominees should run democratic campaigns.

The proposed Democratic strategy is vulnerable on two additional counts. Labor is slowly awakening to a realization of the threat represented by McCarthy and his phony demagoguery. In Detroit, Cleveland, and Pittsburg, all key industrial areas, labor leaders have begun to speak out. In San Francisco the independent International Longshoremen's and Warehousemen's Union set an example for American labor by giving Representative Velde a reception he will not soon forget. Convergent pressures are forcing labor leaders to take a stand on civil liberties.

The failure of the Democrats to take a strong posi-

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tion in opposition to the witch hunt is already having a devastating effect on the morale of the "eggheads" and other liberals who, a minority in the party, are invaluable as fund-raisers and provide the Democrats with the ideas and devoted service indispensable to victory. How must such elements feel, for example, when Massachusetts State Treasurer Foster Furcolo, a former Congressman and likely Democratic nominee for Governor who was politically "made" by the Americans for Democratic Action, tells the state convention of A. D. A. that he does not want their support and that most Democratic nominees "will not acknowledge you"?

The failure of the party to take a principled position is jeopardizing the leadership, and political future, of a dozen or so of the ablest Democrats in the Senate, men who cannot win except as liberals. Thoroughly aware of the political perils of competing in demagoguery with McCarthy, these men—the group includes Senators Fulbright, Monroney, and Hennings—are determined "to force the Democratic side of the Senate . . . to take a stand or series of stands against Senator Joseph R. McCarthy" (New York *Times*, December 20, 1953). The future of the Democratic Party is linked with the future of these Senators. The party would endanger its chances of success by failing to follow their leadership.

THE Democratic National Committee should carefully consider the meaning of a recent incident. In San Francisco the Velde committee arranged for an informer to voice the ritualistic slander that Representative Robert L. Condon had once attended a "closed" Communist Party meeting. Velde, of course, promptly "invited" Mr. Condon to testify. Condon declined but requested permission to refute the charge under oath before the Joint Committee on Atomic Energy. Velde's new and thoroughly totalitarian tactic can be used to smear any liberal Democrat who participated in the politics of the 1930's. And state "un-American" committees, of which a score or more are now active, can apply the same tactic against Democratic candidates for state and local office. Unfortunately, the Republicans are now in office; they hold possession of the arsenals. The chairmen of the inquisitorial committees are Republicans, a Republican Attorney General commands the "confidential" reports of the F. B. I., and a one-party Republican press is cooperating splendidly in kiting denunciations and charges. When a former President of the United States cannot win a decisive and unanimous exoneration on the charges of harboring spies and traitors, what reason is there to think that a Democratic Congressman can successfully prove that he is not a Communist?

Local TV stations, in the wake of the San Francisco hearings, refused to sell Congressman Condon time for a reply on the ground that the script he submitted was "90% political"! He has since brought suit to force them to sell him time. But the most interesting aspect of the Velde Committee hearings was the spectacle of Congressman Clyde Doyle, the Democratic member, squirming on the horns of a dilemma that now confronts the Democratic Party. On the one hand, he did not wish to leave his party undefended; on the other he was frankly and expressly very much afraid that some day he might be accused of having "defended" Condon!

The only way for the Democrats to win is to take the offensive against all those who, in a period of fear and panic, would subvert the Constitution and the Bill of Rights. The Democrats will have to recognize the political realities of 1954. McCarthy is a candidate for the Presidency. Evil is abroad in the land. There is an odor of fascism in the air. "We are dealing with an issue we can no longer escape," said a delegate to the recent meeting of the California Democratic Council. He then went on to say that in the Twenty-fourth Congressional District campaign, registered Democrats, campaigning for George Arnold, were repeatedly asked, "You're not a Communist, are you?" This question used to be asked of members of the Progressive Party; today it is being asked of registered Democrats. It is high time for the Democrats to decide whether they are to be mice or men.

The Robespierre Tradition

BY J. ALVAREZ DEL VAYO

Paris

EXASPERATION, fatigue, and the possibility that Christmas Eve would find the deputies still voting futilely at Versailles led to the election of M. Coty, who has been characterized as "the least conspicuous, least popular, and most neutral" of all the candidates for the Presidency of France.

One day some French wit, exercising his countrymen's supreme gift for laughing at themselves, will reveal the lighter side of this interminable election. He will tell of the chamber maid of the Préfecture of Seine-et-Oise, who day after day dutifully changed the sheets of the bed in which a new President of France by tradition spends his first night. He will tell of M. Laniel, so rich he couldn't understand that there might be something in the world beyond his reach, rushing to Paris to plead plaintively with the venerated Herriot: "You have known my father; was he not a good Republican? Am I not a good Republican? What on earth have they against me?" He will recount the embarrassment of M. Le Troquer, who presided, when he found that he hadn't brought enough dress shirts for the interminable sessions; he will describe the pomp of the colorful *Garde Republicain* and its band, which traveled from Paris to Versailles every morning to escort the new President to the Elysée—and returned disconsolately to Paris each night with no one to escort.

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Such stories represent one aspect of Versailles; there is another aspect which is grim rather than amusing. For this historical event casts doubt upon the validity of the traditional democratic parliamentary system based upon majority rule. For three years now some of Europe's best political thinkers, all of them devoted to the democratic ideas of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries, none in the least tainted by Communist ideology, have been seriously questioning whether the principle of majorities really secures "government of the people, by the people, and for the people." An election can produce a parliamentary majority supporting a synthetic coalition which does not at all represent the real feelings of the masses. This is all the more true in view of the electoral law changes, designed to check the advance of the left, which have taken place recently in both France and Italy.

Another lesson to be drawn from Versailles is the changing attitude in France towards the cold war. So long as the Russians could be shown as opposing negotiation and seeking to foster a Communist coup d'état, it was possible to keep intact an anti-Communist front composed of parties differing widely among themselves on almost every other problem. But the moment Russia indictates a willingness to negotiation, and the Communists are instructed to place "the interest of democracy and peace" above party interests, the maintenance of that "marriage of convenience" becomes difficult.

Moreover there is an even more important fact which many people constantly overlook. We are living in a period of social revolution and all the old ideas take on an aura of unreality unless they are set against this background. The Russian and Chinese revolutions, no matter how much they may be detested, plus the demand of mankind everywhere for greater social and economic justice, have introduced into world politics a new factor which is beyond the competence of traditional diplomacy to handle. It needs more than a Talleyrand to deal with Asian masses who are asking for rice and European workers who are demanding not only decent wages but also the expulsion from their governments of reactionaries and clericals.

That surely was in the minds of some of the Radicals who, though members of M. Laniel's majority, refused him their votes and who, on the night of the fourth ballot, elected to forego their usual dinner at the restaurant once patronized by Talleyrand and dined instead at the well-known coffee house where Robespierre used to eat.

THE ALSOPS

Celestial Pipe Line . . *by Edgar Kemler*

OF ALL our top Washington correspondents, none are so visibly concerned about the world crisis as Joseph W. Alsop and his brother Stewart. In friendly quarters, such as the London *Economist,* they are described as "Old Testament prophets"; among rival pundits they are known as "disaster experts." Since their column, "Matter of Fact," was launched eight years ago by the New York *Herald Tribune*—it now ranks with Walter Lippmann's "Today and Tomorrow" as the most popular of all heavyweight columns—the brothers have made the nation's flesh creep with their pessimistic predictions. In almost every dispatch some great bastion of the free world is about to fall "within the next twelve or eighteen months." Moreover, since the free world is such an intricate and delicate mechanism, the collapse of any one bastion, they suggest, portends the collapse of all.

Joseph Alsop — Eric

In some cases the Alsops' pessimism has been justified, as when they predicted the Communist coup in Czechoslovakia in 1948. In most cases it has been premature, as when during the dark days of the Pusan bridgehead just before the Inchon landings they could see little hope for the United States forces in Korea. There are two ways of looking at the Alsop performance. Taken at face value, it might conceivably drive us into some desperate act which would destroy the very thing we are trying to save. But taken with a grain of salt, which is the proper way to take it, it is merely a form of demagoguery which offsets the equal and opposite demagoguery of the isolationists who think with the late Senator Taft that our peril

EDGAR KEMLER, author of "The Irreverent Mr. Mencken," is now at work on a biography of Francis Bacon, which is tentatively scheduled for spring publication.

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is more internal than external. At any rate, the Alsops cannot be ignored. They are among the most sensitive, if also the most opinionated, reporters in the business, and the information they provide with their prophecies throws real light on our great policy decisions. Among their other exclusive sources, they maintain and operate the only remaining pipelines into the National Security Council.

The Alsops' response to the Communist challenge is almost exclusively military—to match the Soviets, if not also Red China, division for division and plane for plane. "It is [military] power, not internal concepts, which is the basic unit of all politics," they say. Anybody like the late Senator MacMahon or the aged Sir Winston Churchill who believes in the possibility of a peace settlement is "woolly-minded." However, at a time when policy discussion is seriously restricted, they are also ardent champions of free and fair discussion. It is ironic, indeed, that they should have pinned the label "egghead" on the followers of Governor Stevenson in last year's Presidential campaign. They too are eggheads, although of an inverted kind. Actually it was a younger brother, John Alsop, an insurance man of Hartford, who so applied the term. Stewart, riding Stevenson's train, met his brother in Hartford and asked him why so many local Republicans had turned out to greet the candidate. John replied: "All the eggheads are for Adlai. But how many eggheads do you think there are?" Stewart repeated the term in his column. Much to his regret, it stuck.

THE ALSOPS are the product of our "best" schools and "best" families. Their father, Joseph W. Sr., who died last fall at seventy-six, was a gentleman tobacco farmer, an insurance executive, and a Republican politician active for many years in the Connecticut legislature. Their mother, Corinne Roosevelt Robinson, a niece of President Theodore Roosevelt, also served in the legislature. In 1936 she was a delegate to the Republican National Convention and an ardent supporter of Alfred M. Landon. The ghost of old Teddy, their great-uncle, hangs over the columnists as it did over their parents. They might be called his journalistic reincarnation, with the hydrogen bomb in place of his Big Stick and the 120-group air force in place of his White Fleet. When their mother's first cousin, Eleanor, and sixth cousin, Franklin D., occupied the White House, Stewart abandoned T. R. *pro tem* to become an ardent New Dealer. But not Joe. No doubt he admired his Democratic cousin as war leader and to a lesser extent as reformer, but he has remained a Republican regular, plumping successively at election time for Willkie, Dewey, and Eisenhower.

Stewart at thirty-nine is a modest, pleasant fellow, unassuming in manner and dignified in appearance. Joe at forty-three is, in his own words, "ornate," a kind of real-life version of Mr. Belvedere. He wears Homburg hats, silk shirts, Saville Row suits, and carries a cane or swagger stick. He scowls at the stupidity of mankind, and the expression is frozen on his face. When asked why he chose Stewart as his partner, he replies, "Because Stewart was the only writer I knew that one would not throw out of one's rooms." Why Joe should be so prickly a character, considering all his talents, is hard to say. As a boy in Avon, Connecticut, he was unusually fat; at his maximum spread he weighed 240 pounds, and like the late Alexander Woollcott, who once acclaimed Joe as "the only young American I have ever met who is truly educated," his youthful ambition, apparently, was to become a "fabulous monster." At any rate, very early in life he made it his rule to insult at least one person a day, and he has held to that rule to this day.

After prepping at Groton, Stewart, following the Alsop tradition, went to Yale; Joe, after the Roosevelts, went to Harvard. In his college-entrance examination Joe broke a record by scoring a round 100 in English. He graduated in 1932 *magna cum laude*. Oddly enough, politics did not interest him very much in those years. His chief enthusiasms were the novels of Joyce and Proust and the decline and fall of Rome. (Novel reading seems to have lost its appeal for him over the years, but ancient civilizations still fascinate him. Today whenever he has an idle moment, riding in an army jeep in a war zone or waiting for an engagement in the Pentagon, his nose is buried in Xenophon or Tacitus). His chief extracurricular activity at Harvard was the exclusive Porcellian Club, where he was much admired for his witty tongue and pontifical manner. If and when the world blows up, he says, he will join his fellow-Porcellians in Cambridge for the last stand, with a case of champagne to ease the pain.

According to Joe, he had never harbored any ambitions for a journalistic career, and his parents literally had to push him into it. According to Stewart, the reverse was the case, and when Joe went down to the *Herald Tribune* city room in the summer of 1932 he was, from his parents' point of view, merely marking time. City Editor Stanley Walker was also dubious about him. He sent him out to interview a mythical saloon philosopher. Joe was equal to the challenge. He returned with a story as mythical as the assignment. Unbeknown to practically everybody but himself, Joe Alsop was a natural-born reporter, with a sharp eye for detail, a succinct style, and a powerful, sometimes morbid imagination. After his first triumph with Walker, his success story is probably without parallel. By the time he was twenty-three he was writing the "color" aspects of the Hauptmann trial, the news sensation of the day. In 1935 the *Herald Tribune* sent him to Washington, and a year later he was launched as a syndicated Washington columnist.

IT WAS INEVITABLE that legends would grow about such a figure, and Alsop nurtured them. After a few years of reporting, he says, he became so fat that he had to wear corsets, and his health was endangered. So in 1937 he took off a month or so for treatment at the Johns Hopkins Hospital, where he lost sixty-five pounds at a clip. When it was over, he was no longer a fat boy, a "beachcomber with a built-in beach," but a dapper thin man "who looked like everybody else." But this too was grist for his mill. He wrote an article about it for the *Saturday Evening Post,* and the article paid for the treatment.

Before his transfer to Washington he genuinely feared he would be a failure there, because, he said, he did not know anybody in the city. But soon after his arrival his telephone was ringing continuously with calls from top-level persons, among them Eleanor Roosevelt, who invited him to dinner at the White House.

Albert Warner was the chief of the *Herald Tribune's* Washington bureau.

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Before long Alsop had almost completely undermined his authority. Reporters did his bidding, buying him the denicotinized cigarettes that he chain-smokes and the fresh fruits that are part of his reducing diet. There was a rule in the office at that time that every reporter had to check in at 10 a.m. and after completing his main story work till late at night on subsidiary stories. This rule was necessary because the *Herald Tribune* bureau was understaffed in comparison with its rival, the New York *Times*. Alsop would check in by phone when he got to the Senate press gallery, which was his beat, but he refused to break his dinner engagements to work on the subsidiary stories. "I'll write the main story," he told Warner defiantly, "but no subsidiary crap." Warner protested to the management in New York. "You may fire Alsop, transfer him, or promote him. But get him out of my hair." A few months later Alsop, having accepted a contract with the N. A. N. A. for a syndicated column, moved into offices of his own. Thus Warner, Alsop, and the *Herald Tribune* high command were all reconciled again.

His partner in the new column, "Capitol Parade," was Robert Kintner, another *Trib* man, a product of the Philadelphia Main Line, and a specialist on the Treasury. "In my pompous way," Joe says, "I conceived ours as a column of information—halfway between pure opinion and what is essentially gossip. I felt that there had been no formula for the use of material in this area." In short, his column was to be the intellectual equivalent of Pearson and Allen's roughneck "Washington Merry-Go-Round." Before long the soundness of the new formula would be proved ten times over. "Capitol Parade" was sold to 72 papers, including the *Herald Tribune*; "Matter of Fact," its post-war successor, is now bought by 200. The same formula has been successfully exploited by other columnists.

ALSOP IS a highly emotional operator under his glittering surface. He tends to be pedantic unless he sees the nation in grave peril and sterile unless he is joined with his pipe lines in common cause. When the greatest danger on his horizon was the President's bill for "packing" the Supreme Court, he could hardly exploit his pipe lines to maximum advantages. But when Hitler supplanted F. D. R. as the great menace, and aid to Britain was the great issue, Joe became an unofficial rallying point within the Administration for more vigorous action.

This change of front was reflected in the three books he brought out as co-author. "The 168 Days" (1938), the inside story of the Supreme Court fight,

Stewart Alsop *Eric*

written with Turner Catledge of the *Times*, made little impression. "Men Around the President" (1939), written with Robert Kintner, publicizing the elusive team of Corcoran and Cohen, was somewhat anti-climactic: he had already shot his bolt in the *Saturday Evening Post*. But "American White Paper" (April, 1940), in which the columnists told the inside story of United States foreign policy during the eighteen months prior to World War II, was a real triumph. Among its other scoops it quoted long passages out of the private diaries of Assistant Secretary of State A. A. Berle and reconstructed a private telephone call between President Roosevelt in his White House bedroom and Ambassador Bullitt in Paris at 2:40 a. m., September 1, 1939. Arthur Krock in the New York *Times* rather disapproved of such intimate reporting. It made a mockery of the White House rule about putting words in the President's mouth, he said. At the opposite extreme, *Time* hailed the book as the most important event of the week, and agreed with the authors that if Roosevelt had published his pre-war European cables, such belated revelations as this would have been unnecessary.

As the United States drifted closer to war, Alsop's zeal brought him into collision with his sources again. In June, 1941, he and Kintner reported that a United States destroyer on Atlantic patrol had dropped depth charges on a German submarine. This was five months before Pearl Harbor. If Hitler had wanted to, he could have used the incident—which but for these two columnists he might never have heard about—as a pretext for declaring war on the United States. Understandably, Secretary of the Navy Knox was furious. "I don't know where they got their information, but I do know that it was a terrible thing to print, right or wrong." Joe himself was conscience-stricken. Under the existing conditions of near-war, he decided, his inside exclusives were no longer in the public interest. "Columning," he said, "comes under the secondary heading of civilian production rather than national defense." So on June 14 "Capitol Parade" was voluntarily discontinued. A few days later Alsop was commissioned a lieutenant in the navy.

HAVING TAKEN such a warlike posture in print, Alsop would have liked nothing better now than a front-line post in the actual war. But the navy sent him to a dull, safe billet in India. Bored, he resigned his commission to join General Chennault's Flying Tigers in Burma, and he remained off and on with this group until V-J Day. At one time he was a civilian official of the lend-lease mission to Chiang Kai-shek. Later he was a captain in the Plans Section of the 14th Army Air Force. But Chennault, who was not popular at the Pentagon, valued him chiefly for his Washington connections, notably with Harry Hopkins, and for his entrée to Chiang Kai-shek. After his first twenty-four hours in China, he says, he "discovered we had been writing pure drivel" about the Orient. Because of his persistent loyalty to Chiang, his critics think he still does.

Alsop's most notable war experience was six months in a Japanese civilian-internment camp in Hongkong, during which he almost starved to death and learned to read Confucius in the origi-

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nal. Chennault had sent him to consult with MacArthur just before Pearl Harbor. On his return flight to Burma he stopped to change planes in Hongkong and the Japs caught him.

Meanwhile brother Stewart, who had taken a back seat in peace time, was forging ahead of Joe. After several unsuccessful attempts to enlist in the United States army and a brief period as an officer in the British infantry, he was accepted and trained by the O. S. S. as one of their "cloak and dagger" operatives. Shortly after D Day he parachuted behind the enemy lines in Normandy and joined the *Maquis*. He returned home after V-E Day with a croix de guerre and an English bride. A year later he won a race with Corey Ford to publish "Sub Rosa," the first full-length book about the O. S. S.

Stewart's writing experience ran to books and magazines. After graduating from Yale in 1936 he was an editor with Doubleday, Doran. In 1946, when Joe looked around for a new partner to replace Kintner, who had gone into broadcasting (he is now president of the A. B. C. network), he picked Stewart. Within a year he had trained him into a first-class reporter whose columns were often indistinguishable from his own.

ON JANUARY 1, 1946, when the Alsop brothers began "Matter of Fact," the cold war was starting and the Truman Administration with Byrnes as Secretary of State was wobbling between attempts at a peace settlement and rearmament. The Alsops, then as now, were almost wholly for rearmament. Somebody was certainly needed to sound the tocsin and keep it ringing until the cold war uncertainties were resolved, and it was the Alsops who filled this role, with the aid of such highly placed friends as Acheson, Kennon, and Bohlen in the State Department and Forrestal and Symington in Defense. In their own words, they have done more to maintain "the sense of urgency, the sense of crisis in the world," than any of their rivals.

It has often been an unpleasant and thankless task. Despite or perhaps because of the semi-official character of some of their columns, they have been criticized by all parties concerned. For demanding United States air bases in Europe in 1947, they were solemnly denounced as murderers by Soviet Foreign

The "Ornate" Joe

Minister Vishinsky in the U. N. Assembly. (Joe replied facetiously that one of his forbears, a chemistry professor at Harvard, had in fact committed murder by stuffing a rival professor in an oven and lighting it.) President Truman once publicly cut them, as a number of Senators have done privately. When the Eisenhower Administration was debating "Operation Candor," that is, being candid about atomic arms, Vannevar Bush asserted that there had already been too much candor on the subject, pointing the finger at the Alsops. But the Alsops are fanatic believers in candor, even when it alienates their friends and works against their cause. Harvard University has shown its approval of the Alsop position by naming Joe a member of its Board of Overseers.

Probably the most famous of the brothers' feuds was with Louis Johnson, Truman's one-time Secretary of Defense. For two years, from January, 1949, to September, 1950, they charged Johnson, in effect, with criminal neglect of the armed forces and literally drove him out of public life. Like Secretary Wilson today, Johnson was an economizer. Johnson claimed that his economies affected "the fat, not the muscle" of our armed strength. The Alsops cited chapter and verse to show that this was not true, and during the Korean war their accusations were more or less substantiated. In retaliation Johnson ordered his subordinates to boycott the Alsops. When reporters asked him why the brothers were so bitter against him, he said it was because he had ripped out a private telephone line to their office installed by Secretary Forrestal, his predecessor. The Alsops denied that there had been any such line: their relations with Forrestal, they said, had been purely social. In March, 1950, Secretary of Air Stuart Symington resigned to head the National Resources Security Board. According to some insiders, his resignation was demanded because he had continued his connection with the columnists after the boycott. Johnson neither confirmed nor denied this rumor.

ANOTHER BITTER feud was with the late Senator Taft. The Alsops always belabored Taft for being an isolationist, always opposed his Presidential bids, and at the last convention proved to be his nemesis by exposing frauds in the Texas Republican primaries. When seeking the Presidency in 1947-48, Taft had tried to shake off the isolationist label; he began to talk and act like an internationalist. Also he engaged a press agent full time to convince the Alsops that his conversion was sincere. Joe would not talk to the man. "I don't talk to birdbrain press agents," he said. "I work only on high levels." But he did consent to give Taft a hearing at a series of intimate breakfasts in his home. At first the breakfasts went off amicably enough, but Taft, if he was an internationalist, was not internationalist enough for Joe Alsop, and they were soon discontinued. Meanwhile, somewhat prematurely, Joe had published a column welcoming Taft into the internationalist fold. This was just what the Taft press agent needed. He had a photomontage made up with the friendly column side by side with the hostile ones, and when the Republican convention met in Philadelphia, he had it distributed to all the delegates.

On Far Eastern questions the Alsops have joined with the Senate isolationists in an uneasy alliance, toughness toward Red China being their common aim. Yet in 1951, when Henry Wallace and John Carter Vincent were unfairly linked as fellow-architects of the so-called "sell-out" to the Chinese Reds, Joe insisted that the facts be put into the record. He asked the McCarran subcommittee which was responsible for this distortion for a chance to testify, and his request was granted. He was a powerful

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witness, not only because he had publicly criticized both Wallace and Vincent, but also because he knew more about their war-time relationship than anybody else. In Chungking he had been Wallace's chaperone. Point by point he showed the committee that what Wallace had done and the decisions he had taken constituted "the most profoundly anti-Communist act of that time." Against this powerful first-hand testimony was only the third-hand speculation of Louis Budenz, the professional ex-Communist. However, since the committee had already gone down the line with Budenz, they made things as unpleasant as possible for Alsop. McCarran himself arrived late. "What is going on here?" he asked. "I am making my presentation of facts," Alsop replied haughtily, whereupon McCarran quickly left the room.

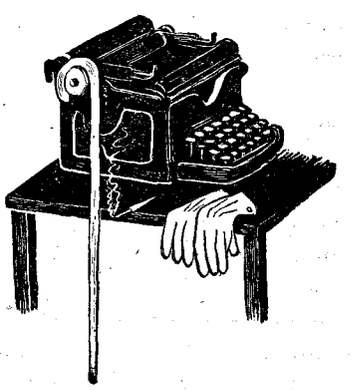
The most devastating single column Joe Alsop has ever written concerned his interview last May with Dr. Robert L. Johnson, then head of the International Information Administration. The occasion was the banning of so-called subversive books from United States libraries abroad. Dr. Johnson, president of Temple University on leave, a former *Time-Life* executive, and self-styled friend of Senator McCarthy, had drafted the directives under which the books had been condemned. Alsop described the comic-opera atmosphere of the office —the two assistants with their brochures and press blurbs like the two phonographs in Jean Cocteau's Dada drama "The Marriage Party on the Eiffel Tower"—and the incredible Babbittry of Dr. Johnson himself. Alsop simply let the man destroy himself with his own words: "They wanted a man with character, guts, and principle. . . . When the President asks you to come, you come." Less than six weeks later Dr. Johnson not merely resigned but resigned on Alsop's terms—repealing the directives and disclaiming his friendship for McCarthy in bold and dignified language.

THE ALSOPS' headquarters are in the heart of Georgetown, the residential section of officiai Washington. Here they have built a two-story house of yellow stucco with a flight of steps leading directly up from the street to a second-floor entrance. Downstairs are the offices which the brothers share with a secretary. Upstairs Joe keeps bachelor quarters with the aid of his two Filipino servants, José and Maria. Stewart lives several blocks away with his English wife and four children. Since this is the only modern dwelling in a community that takes fierce pride in its decorous Georgian character, it caused no little comment when completed in 1950. Joe, who designed it, was himself somewhat shocked by the "sheer horror" of its naked cinder-block construction. Inside, on the other hand, it is handsome enough—with a large old-fashioned library, or smoking-room, opening into a dining-room which overlooks a garden. The arrangement of the rooms was suggested by "the pavilions in the old fort of Akbar at Delhi." The library is dominated by a portrait of Theodore Roosevelt's sister, the Alsops' grandmother, from whom, Stewart says, Joe inherits his "disapproving look."

The Alsops work well in double harness. They compare their partnership to a marriage. It has its moments of tension when Stewart tries to keep his impulsive brother from getting too far out on a limb but is usually harmonious. Under the terms of their agreement, each carries half the work load of four columns a week and a dozen *Saturday Evening Post* articles a year. Since their formula calls for foreign as well as Washington coverage, they also split the globe-trotting which keeps them separated six months of the year. The *Post* stint Joe regards primarily as a convenient means of paying for their travel expenses. This leaves them a joint net income from their column of about $40,000.

They are both extremely hard workers within the limits of their work day, which runs from ten to six-thirty. They interview about fifty sources a week, mostly by telephone, and read everything from the New York *Daily Worker* to the London *Times* for background. While Joe can draft a column in a half-hour, then polish it up in another half-hour, Stewart requires the better part of an afternoon. Joe's interviewing technique is probably unique. Most of his colleagues use charm and persuasion on their sources, but Joe is often arrogant and insulting. After a futile attempt to get important information from Chairman Lewis Strauss of the Atomic Energy Commission, Joe is reported to have rapped on the desk wtih his cane and said, "Mr. Strauss, you have just wasted a half-hour of my time." On the higher levels this technique seems to be very successful. But when sampling public opinion Joe sometimes leaves the victim gasping. His colleagues who joined him on last year's campaign trains will never forget how he interviewed a Minnesota farmer after an Eisenhower speech. "What do you make of it, old boy, eh?" he asked the man, tapping him briskly on the shoulders with his cane.

OTHER Washington correspondents, on the whole, regard the Alsops with mingled admiration and incredulity. The Overseas Press Club has twice given them its award for the best foreign reporting of the year. However, since most of their newsgathering is done outside the regular channels and since they dine at the social Metropolitan Club rather than at the more plebeian National Press Club, they are not too well known among the rank and file. In their own lofty circles Joe is a reigning idol, much pampered in all his foibles and eccentricities. His dinners are legendary. Though not reported in the society columns, they may include a Cabinet officer, a publisher, an ambassador, and a news-bureau chief in carefully planned combinations. Dinner is served with great formality by the Filipinos. The wines are drawn from Joe's air-conditioned wine cellar; the Scotch is always Cutty Sark; the dishes are prepared according to Joe's own recipes, partridge being one of his favorites. After dinner the guests withdraw to the "smoking-room," where they are treated to one of Joe's famous monologues. If he is in a good mood, the subject is likely to be something abstruse, like a comparison between ancient and modern Chinese script. But if he is in a bad mood, he will conjure up pictures for them of the atomic death that may be awaiting us all. "Roots, we'll



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be eating roots in a few years," he intones in his pronounced Harvard accent.

For the immediate future, the big thing on the Alsop agenda is a book to which Joe would give the shocking title, "The Age of the Megadeath," and Stewart the more modest one, "The Revolution in Warfare." Originally scheduled for publication last fall, it has been postponed to the spring while the brothers take turns at revising the first draft. The ostensible purpose of the book is to do what the Eisenhower Administration has failed to do, namely, give a detailed account of where we stand vis-à-vis Russia in the atomic-arms race. Its real purpose is to sound the alarm as it has never been sounded before. However, in view of the comparative apathy that has greeted their previous efforts along this line, they do not expect too much from it. Whether we win the arms race or lose it, they see little hope for the human race on this planet. It has been a depressing book to write, Stewart says, and it will be a depressing book to read.

INDIA AND KOREA

An Unexpected Lesson . . *by Alice Thorner*

Bombay

FROM Nehru to the left and from Nehru to the right Indians of every political persuasion are burned up over the United States. The balloons about a possible military pact between Pakistan and the United States or the inclusion of Pakistan in a future MEDO (Middle East Defense Organization) struck indian observers as a new American outrage against India's legitimate claim to consideration in any Asian moves. The subsequent assurance from "authoritative sources in Washington" that India would be informed in advance if military aid was to be sent to Pakistan seemed cold comfort.

It goes without saying that Senator Knowland's declaration that Nehru was not the voice of Asia has been resented here. Indians were also embittered by Mr. Dulles's slurs on their neutrality in Korea. They feel that the Americans have been making things difficult rather than smooth for the Indian members of the Neutral Nations Repatriation Commission and the Indian Custodian Force. The American press, they complain, has aggravated the trouble by tendentious reporting and even direct misquotation of General Thimayya and other Indian spokesmen.

The Indians went to Korea with an open mind on whether the unrepatriated prisoners were all principled anti-Communists or all really wanted to return to China and North Korea. They hoped to discover the facts by listening to what the men themselves had to say. What they have found is discomfiting to both sides. On the one hand, with all the precautions taken to make a free choice possible, the percentage of prisoners who have actually chosen to go home is very small. On the other hand, the Indian press insists that the avowed anti-Communists have been intensively coached over a long period of time by the Americans and the South Koreans.

THE *Times of India* of Bombay and the *Hindustan Times* of New Delhi sent their own correspondents to Korea, and their dispatches contrast markedly with those of the United Press and Reuter's, which are also widely published here. The Indian journalists give many interesting details which the agencies omit. From them we get a picture of the prisoners as a group of irresponsible teen-agers, "well fed, well looked after, pampered and rewarded by the U. N. command for their political somersault." Their food ration, supplied by the Americans, is today twice that of the Indian troops in Korea. These youngsters have been told over and again that their families have been murdered and their possessions confiscated. If they return, they believe they will be shot as deserters or sent to forced labor in Siberia. From South Korea and Formosa they have offers of jobs, homes, and even wives.

When the prisoners were finally coaxed to the explanation booths, their behavior was remarkably uniform. On their way to the booths they were well-behaved and good-humored; they fraternized with the Indian guards in broken Hindustani. Once inside the booths, however, they became wildly hysterical, screaming about "brain-washing," "four freedoms," and "human rights under the U. N. Charter." Young boys who had spent the last three years in the army declared that their wives and children had been butchered by the Communists. After they had put on their show, they walked out cheerful and smiling.

At the same time the Indian reporters were thoroughly disgusted with the bullying tactics of the Communist "explainers." General Thimayya personally put an end to some interviews which had gone on more than ninety minutes.

Robert Trumbull, of the New York *Times* has suggested that India may be learning a valuable lesson in Korea from the intransigence of the Chinese and North Korean commands and the uncooperative attitude of the Polish and Czech members of the commission. He even holds out the hope that from this "close-up of the realities in the cold war" India may come to understand why it is essential for it to abandon neutrality and line up with the West. Mr. Trumbull misses the point. India expected the Communist side to be unreasonable and difficult to deal with. It expects the Americans to be flexible and fair-dealing. When they seem otherwise, India is offended and disillusioned.

AMERICANS should not think that India cherishes an idealized vision of the

ALICE THORNER has been writing on India since 1945.

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Soviet Union as a paradise on earth. Practically no one in India except the convinced Communists admires Russia uncritically, or China; of course for obvious reasons people are extremely interested in China. Well-informed Indians possess a very considerable body of factual information about the Soviet world. In recent years quite a few Indians of all political varieties have visited Eastern Europe, although not nearly so many as have visited the United States, to say nothing of England or Western Europe. Indians tend to think of Russia and China as having problems comparable to India's. They are eager to learn about the methods by which Russia, the satellite countries, and particularly China have been trying to raise their agricultural productivity, provide alternative employment for the excess rural population, execute vast irrigation and river-control projects, and achieve substantial industrial development. They take it for granted that the people in these countries still subsist at a fairly low level and that many features of their daily life are far from idyllic.

So far as civil rights and political freedom are concerned, the Indians believe the Communist countries by considered choice have sacrificed liberty to economic progress. Without presuming to render final judgment on the wisdom of this choice, most Indians would be unwilling to see their country follow the same course. They doubt that economic development would be rapid enough to justify so great a sacrifice.

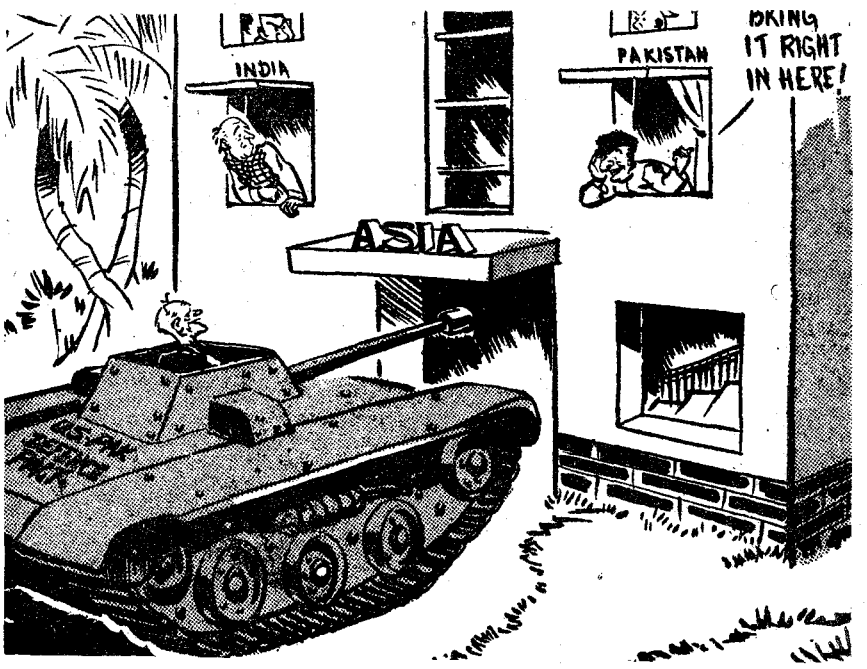
It is the United States, not the Soviet Union, which Indians tend to think of as an achieved heaven. To them the American economy is an unqualified success. From the stories of returned students, from the Indian press, from American magazines and movies, they have constructed a vision of a country overflowing with milk and honey, with Buicks and refrigerators. In America there is a job for everyone and all facilities for a comfortable, cultured life. Moreover, the United States, like India, is heir to the grand British tradition of political democracy and personal freedom. If the Chinese Communist government requires its intellectuals to accept Marxism and confess the error of their former ways, the Indians view the procedure with distaste but scarcely amazement. If the United States government, acting through Congressional investigations, requires its intellectuals to denounce Marxism and confess the error of their former ways, the Indians are horrified.

Perhaps the Indian attitude toward the United States these days contains equal parts of admiration and irritation. India may express relatively less annoyance with the U. S. S. R. and the other Communist countries because it has much less to do with them. As compared with the thousands of American business men, diplomatic and consular personnel, missionaries, exchange students and teachers, big-game hunters, and other tourists, a bare handful of Russians come to India. For the most part these keep strictly within their prescribed spheres and impinge little on Indian life. The Americans, by contrast, are all over the place. It is not at all rare for a rotary club in a provincial city to play host to an American speaker traveling at the expense of the Department of State. Technical Assistance men from the corn belt and the Far West are found in the most remote corners of the countryside advising on agricultural methods.

INDIA'S FEELINGS about this technical aid resemble those of a bride about her mother-in-law's offer of cooking lessons. India wants to know everything about how the United States has achieved its miraculous efficiency and prosperity but resents the slightest criticism of its own methods. Just at present, moreover, the food problem has become less urgent. The weather has been kind to cereal crops, and a serious fall in employment has cut purchasing power. In strictly economic terms, although certainly not from a nutritional point of view, the supply of food is roughly equal to the demand.

Industrial growth, on the other hand, is so slow that the foreign exchange available for purchase of heavy machinery, precision tools, and so forth is not being used up by Indian manufacturers. At the same time the government of India is experiencing so much red tape and delay in obtaining heavy equipment for its hydroelectric and irrigation projects through the channels provided by the various India-United States agreements that it is thinking of buying through ordinary commercial channels.

Indian-American relations also suffer from the fact that George Allen is not Chester Bowles. The Indians simply refuse to believe that the United States would recall a man whom they liked and respected so thoroughly just because he belonged to the party which lost the last Presidential election. And then there was last summer's Kashmir débâcle, which dissipated all the good-will created by Adlai Stevenson's visit. Despite the carefully worded official denials Indians believe that Stevenson did carry to Sheik Abdullah, Prime Minister of Kashmir at the time, some proposal involving



Courtesy *Times of India* (Bombay)

Other People's Houses

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United States support for an independent Kashmir. The plan was scotched by the abrupt dismissal of Abdullah, who is still in jail. It is rumored in New Delhi that the Foreign Ministry has in its files an intercepted letter from Stevenson to Abdullah giving the game away.

After seven short years of nationhood India is understandably jealous of its sovereignty. The national attitude toward the United States has developed very recently, and in a period of rapidly shifting international balances. It should not be surprising that it is changeable and even inconsistent. What is accepted at one moment as disinterested economic aid may be viewed subsequently, in a different context, as an earnest of imperialist intentions. The Indians certainly want to consult other nations on how to solve their depressing social and economic problems. They also want to be consulted by other nations in matters which affect their country's international relations. The one subject on which Indians feel confident they need no American expert to advise them is foreign policy.

THE ARTS GET LIVELY

In Malenkov's Russia . . *by Alexander Werth*

Paris

SINCE Stalin's death there has been considerable speculation, both abroad and apparently also inside Russia, on whether the rigid canons for literature, art, and music laid down in the Central Committee's decrees of 1946-48, which have obviously been paralyzing all creative activity, would be abandoned. The change was slow in coming, but there seems little doubt that it has come. The press has already become more readable —less purely official, less "hammy," and much more lively, with a certain amount of genuine human-interest material. Soon some easing up in the field of literature will probably be felt.

In the case of music, the over-simple Zhdanov prescription of "accessible" music, "people's" music, "anti-formalist" music has clearly been rejected. In an article entitled Creative Boldness and Inspiration the November issue of *Soviet Music* published a crushing indictment of the Zhdanov policy and an admission that it has proved a lamentable failure. The article was written by none other than the famous Armenian composer Aram Khachaturian, one of the Big Four denounced by Zhdanov as "formalists" —the others being Shostakovich, Prokofiev, and Miaskovsky. Khachaturian implies that while "socialist realism" is the correct doctrine for Soviet art and music, it was pushed far beyond reasonable limits and was used for strangling all talent, inspiration, and enthusiasm. What is more, he denounces as thoroughly pernicious the constant pressure exercised on composers by the bureaucrats of the Composers' Union and other officials.

Khachaturian

Mentioning Zhdanov only once in passing and gracefully avoiding any reference to the disastrous Zhdanov decree of February, 1948, Khachaturian says that during the last few years composers have not been producing any of the things wanted by the people. They got so scared of doing the wrong thing, he suggests, that "they assumed positions of thoughtless adaptability and produced flat conventional stuff, lacking in all creative individuality and characterized by second-hand musical phraseology—all this presumably on the ground that it was safer to produce stuff that people felt they had heard before!" A pretty damning comment on Zhdanov's pious wish that Soviet composers would "compose like Glinka and Tchaikovsky." "Really," Khachaturian says, "like a second-hand clothes shop—from the people back to the people."

How often [he goes on] have we seen this sort of adaptability being turned into a creative principle in the last few years! Monumental works were composed for choirs and orchestras—with nothing in them. One had to put up with it because the title had something about "Love for the Soviet Homeland," or "The Struggle for Peace," or "Friendship of the Nations." But in the end society itself judged these works properly: they were completely forgotten. The trouble with them was that they lacked an idea, an emotional content, and also any kind of technical innovation.

Then, without further ado, Khachaturian proclaims that the tormented Shostakovich and Prokofiev were undoubtedly the two greatest Soviet composers. Both of them had been too experimental at times, but what they wrote was alive, and creative in the highest sense; and both were innovators, not following the beaten track. This strikes a very different note from the half-hearted obituary notices that appeared soon after Prokofiev's death. Prokofiev, Khachaturian says, had always something new to say, "and a sensitive listener will always respond to genuine originality."

ALEXANDER WERTH, a contributing editor, is The Nation's *correspondent in France. He is the author of "Musical Uproar in Moscow."*

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And now comes the big blast:

There can be no element of artistic progress in works devoid of lively and inquiring thought, whose only merit is to be clean and well-groomed, so that you scarcely know one work from the other. Socialist realism cannot tolerate such a general flattening of standards. . . . Revolutionary romanticism is an essential part of our art, and no good art is produced by cautious people constantly afraid of "saying the wrong thing."

When one thinks of all the years we have had to listen to such works! The title is fine, and the themes are "folk themes," and the harmony and orchestration are quite literate; yet the artistic value and emotional content are zero. The Composers' Union, the Central Art Office, and the radio often give such works their approval; the listener is not impressed. I think it is high time to end the present system of administrative guardianship over composers. There must be no more of this rotten practice of bureaucratic interference with a composer's creative processes. Let the artist find the solution to his creative problems himself in the light of those vital tasks with which the party has confronted us all.

Here Khachaturian gives one a curious insight into the system under which composers have had to work since the Zhdanov decree:

Under the present "guardianship system" the composer is relieved of all responsibility. If he takes a new song or other composition along to this or that administrative body, everybody there considers it his duty to give him "advice." In short, he gets instructions for rewriting the work. And the odd thing is that certain composers agree to all the changes, even if it means throwing out parts of the work which may be the fruit of some deeply felt inspiration; they are apparently quite willing to make their work look like a hairdresser's dummy.

DID ANYONE ever dare talk like this to the top bureaucrats of the Composers' Union in Stalin's day? Khachaturian is obviously confident of complete impunity.

No more of your guardianship [he says]. Let every composer do his work on his own responsibility. Let's take a chance on it, and let's allow our composers, orchestras, and theaters to do as they think best, without all this petty supervision of their work. Criticism by all means. But let's have no more "directives" from our bureaucrats, with their constant worry about being on the safe side. It is not the job of the Composers' Union to act as an infallible evaluator, as if it had a pawnshop. I think that certain works turned down by the Composers' Union should be printed and performed: let time and the public judge.

Khachaturian then tears to pieces the over-simple idea of the "folk element" in music.

Folk-song melody is not enough to make a work a national work. There are no folk songs in Tchaikovsky's Sixth Symphony; yet it is a much more Russian work than superficial compositions full of folk tunes that leave one completely indifferent. The problem of a national style in music must be treated broadly, without artificial limitations or hairsplitting Talmudic legislation.

There follows a list of composers who, in Khachaturian's view, have served Soviet music well, even magnificently—Prokofiev and Shostakovich, some very old men, a few composers of popular songs, and a number of non-Russians, Balts and Caucasians chiefly. None of Zhdanov's diehards—Sakharov, Chulaki, and so on—men who went out of their way to insult the "formalists," are mentioned.

Russia is changing, and is wise enough not to persist in absurd experiments. But it is a pity that those who said five years ago what Khachaturian is saying today should have been treated as enemies of the people.

The Wave of Reaction

by George M. Rhodes

THE threat to civil liberties in the United States has never been greater. The assault on our basic freedoms is associated with efforts to weaken or destroy labor organizations and social-reform programs and is designed to conceal or justify legislative policies which serve greedy special interests. For the past decade reactionary forces have made steady gains behind a smoke screen of confusion and deception laid down by the one-party press.

Big business controls the legislature in many states. It owns the major sources of news and information. Through the Republican-Dixiecrat coalition it has had control of Congress since 1944, and now it dominates the executive branch of the federal government. It has organized many phony front organizations to carry on its propaganda work and provided them with unlimited corporate funds.

But the grab of offshore oil and hydro-electric-power resources and the rise in interest rates have aroused protests. At the same time the efforts of the press to justify this legal robbery have increased suspicion and distrust of the press. Recent election results indicate that people are disturbed by the backward trend which threatens their social gains. The blind greed of reaction is turning the tide against the Republicans. Growing numbers of voters resent the current assaults on human freedom and the descent to McCarthyism.

But the fight to preserve civil liberties will not be won until corruption is eliminated from the blood stream of public information. The real strength of McCarthyism is found in a monopoly press which gives it favorable publicity. Hitler was unimportant until big business and the big press found him useful.

The right to know is denied the people by dishonest editors and publishers. Corruption in the Republican Party is whitewashed. With headlines and favorable comment efforts are made to popularize reactionary political leaders. Liberals and their views get the silent treatment, are tagged with unpopular labels, or are made victims of dishonest editorials and slanted news stories. Corrupt politicians can be voted out of office, but there is no redress against the unethical practices of the one-party press.

The attacks on civil liberties may decline, but the real danger will remain until a way is found to establish an honest and free press. A few liberal publications are doing splendid work in getting the truth to the people, but the daily newspapers mold public opinion. Their reform is an essential part of the eternal struggle for continued social progress.

GEORGE M. RHODES, a member of the House of Representatives from Pennsylvania, wrote this comment for the recent Civil Liberties issue of The Nation. *It arrived too late to be included.*

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BOOKS

Model for a Catholic America

THE IRISH AND CATHOLIC POWER: AN AMERICAN INTERPRETATION. By Paul Blanshard. The Beacon Press. $3.50.

By Howard Mumford Jones

PAUL BLANSHARD returns to his central theme in "The Irish and Catholic Power." That theme is the inherent incompatibility between the premises of the Roman Catholic church and the premises of the American Constitution. As a controversialist he is able and intelligent. The subtitle of the new book warns his readers that his view of Ireland, like his view of the operation of the Catholic hierarchy in the United States, is that of an American in the liberal meaning of the word. "Liberalism" is in one sense a philosophy that this church condemns, and in another sense is a set of values more common among Protestants, Jews, and persons of no particular faith. This does not mean that Catholics cannot be "good Americans" but does mean, in Mr. Blanshard's view, that the philosophy of that church in many important branches and the conduct of that church as an international institution are inevitably at cross-purposes with much that Mr. Blanshard regards as essential to the American scheme.

For Mr. Blanshard the constitutional separation of church and state is fundamental to the republic. He believes that the public-school system is to be preferred to any system or systems of schools ecclesiastically controlled, though he is by no means opposed to religious education. He believes that the citizen, though he should be free to support the church of his choice and to follow its teachings in faith and morals, should not be dominated by clerical propaganda in areas that, to Mr. Blanshard as to many others, are civil rather than religious. Among such areas, or if one prefers among such primary problems concerning the relation of the individual to the state, are questions of censorship, divorce, birth control, and public policy. When a church seeks to dominate any or all of these areas Mr. Blanshard believes it must be regarded as a pressure group and not as a vessel of truth.

Mr. Blanshard was challenged by a Jesuit scholar to take the Irish Republic as a "pilot model" for a future Catholic America. This book is the report of such a study, during the prosecution of which he visited "every corner of the island," including Ulster. The preface sets forth an important phase of his findings when he says that "Ireland . . . is not a place where men can express frank and unorthodox opinions on church and state without penalty." Penalties may be both social and political.

THE ELEVEN chapters fall into five divisions. The first is an introduction. The second, composed of chapters two and three, is a history of Ireland and an examination of its present political and social condition. The third, chapters four through eight, is a detailed discussion of the relation of the Roman Catholic church in that republic to the constitution, to censorship, to medical care, to education, to marriage and the family, and to elements in Irish life that seem to tend toward fanaticism. Chapter nine is devoted to Northern Ireland. The last two chapters discuss "the Irish Catholic empire" in America—that is, the domination of a large section of the Roman Catholic church in this country by an Irish prelacy—and the probable future here of the church. In view of the bitterness engendered from time to time by pressures of Irish politicians and Irish clergymen in America it is interesting to note that in the long run Mr. Blanshard looks forward to considerable improvement.

Golden

Mr. Blanshard, being a controversialist, is not everywhere Olympian. His language sometimes strays into intemperance, and here and there he makes allegations that seem to me extravagant. I think he takes what is said in the press, Irish and Irish American, too seriously. Nevertheless, all but the most partisan reader of his study must feel that he is trying to be fair toward a situation and a power he fears. He has already raised, and he raises again, important problems that cannot be dismissed as arising from a "mere" Protestant hostility toward the Roman Catholic church.

MR. BLANSHARD finds the central difficulty of the Republic of Ireland to lie in the ambiguity of its constitution, which, though it guarantees freedom of conscience to every citizen ("subject to public order and morality"), also recognizes "the special position" of the Roman Catholic church in the republic—inevitably so, since 95 per cent of the citizens of Eire are of that faith. But the terms "public order and morality" and "special position" have permitted a variety of political indirection of which, in his view, the Irish hierarchy and the Vatican have taken every advantage. The most flagrant instance is censorship—and, in truth, the eight pages of book titles now on the censor's list are supremely ridiculous.

He finds the church also interfering wrongly in programs of public health and public medicine. If the various churches maintain their own schools in Eire at public expense, Mr. Blanshard believes this to be a divisive factor in Irish life. He pays tribute to the general morality of sexual life, but he ponders why, in a country in which birth control is prohibited, the percentage of unmarried adults should be abnormally high, late marriages form a large fraction of the total, and the population, somewhat astonishingly, continues to decline. He thinks the moral policing of sexuality by the priesthood has something to do

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with this. I think here he rather underrates the economic factor. But above all he insists that no state is a genuine democracy in which, directly by law or indirectly by pressure, a single church, even if it be that of the majority, is in a position not merely to dominate its own adherents but to dominate the lives of other citizens in crucial matters of civil life—like reading, the theater, divorce, education, and so forth.

Mr. Blanshard's compact discussion of Ulster and partition is rather remarkable in its attempt to hold the balance even. As between embittered Protestantism and embattled Catholicism he would make no choice, were it not that, from his point of view, the Roman Catholics are a real threat to the existence of the state. This threat arises from their belief that they are rightly citizens of southern Ireland and that it is their duty to overthrow the Ulster regime if they can. Mr. Blanshard says perhaps nothing new about Ulster, but his details are rather frightening.

Haunted by Time

THIS MUSIC CREPT BY ME UPON THE WATERS. By Archibald MacLeish. Harvard University Press. $1.50.

By John Ciardi

HARD on the heels of "The Trojan Horse," which may prove to be the best of his plays on a social theme, Archibald MacLeish offers a new one-act play on a theme wholly removed from social concern. "This Music Crept by Me upon the Waters" takes place on a magic island in the Antilles. In the nature of magic islands, nothing seems to happen. The characters sit about, wait for a delayed dinner, and talk. Then, in a magic instant, the incessant trade winds fall still and the moon rises from the ocean. In that suddenly becalmed and lit moment the mood of time overtakes the characters. With the exception of a drunken ex-colonel and a talkative Englishman, each of the characters responds to the moment of the mood; each in his own way is suddenly outside himself watching the days of his life in sudden alarm for the passage of time.

And as suddenly as it came, the spell is broken. Dinner is served and the commonplace is back on the table. That's all.

And because that's all, I suspect many readers, and especially those who turn to MacLeish expecting a public resolution, may find the play slight. Others may attack its dramatic structure, and in doing so they can point out with some justice that the talk tends to become talky, and that the heroine's emotional intensity is just a bit too convenient.

What seems more impressive than minor flaws, however, is the fact that under MacLeish's handling the moon does rise from something like an original sea of time, and that its mood enters and possesses. Nor should it be forgotten that the piece plays well, as has already been attested by its success first as a reading for a private audience and later as a full-scale production of the Poet's Theater of Cambridge. But above all, what comes off the stage and page is a lyric, a lyric mood inseparable from the mood of such early MacLeish lyrics as "You, Andrew Marvell," the mood of the individual consciousness haunted by the hunt of time.

BEYOND considerations of theme and structure, however, the play adds one more important success to MacLeish's continuing experimentation with a poetic line that can serve the purposes of the stage. The twentieth century seems not to have produced any distinguished poetic drama to date, and that failure can, I believe, be localized above all in its failure to evolve a poetic line which is simultaneously a line of stage dialogue, a line of the spoken language, and a line of poetry.

It may well be argued, indeed, that only one such line has been evolved in the range of English literature, and that it was born when Marlowe took the unformed iambic pentameter of his predecessors and tuned it to the English ear, teaching it its own possibilities as a conveyance for English speech. Whatever the excitements that compelled Elizabethan drama to its pageantry and splendor, the music of its speech first rang clear when Marlowe fused his metric and his speech rhythms into a single moving line.

A line that can do for our times what Marlowe did for his is still obviously far to seek. Yet it must seem unlikely that any future genius seeking such a line will be free of a debt to MacLeish for the steps he has taken toward it.

MacLeish's success—and he was already on its trail in the best passages of his radio plays, especially in his capture of the rhythms of the Voice of the Announcer—lies primarily in his grouping of heavy stresses. The traditional metric sees iambic as the base measure of English poetry, with the hard knock of the spondee giving the line the flavor of speech. MacLeish, without abandoning an iambic base, senses American speech as heavily trochaic as well as spondaic. It punches hard to his ear, clips short, and tends to throw the accent forward in the word. (If the dialect may be admitted in evidence, I was once stationed at *Mun*roe, *Looz*iana, where the *police* station is near the *thee*ayter, get the *eyedee?*) Which is not to say that MacLeish is writing dialect. It is American speech he is writing and what sounds like a true rhythmic formalization of American speech, built on a shifting four-foot and five-foot line, punched alive by the stresses. Here is a passage selected not as a particular success but as a norm. Italics indicate the stresses as I find them:

I *said* that what I *sudd*enly under-
stood
there in the *moon*light, on the *beach,*
was
this is what it is! *just this*—
not something *af*terward or *else*where.
You *live* it or you *don't,* but *what* you
live or *don't live* is *just this:*
*this, this mo*ment *now,* this *moon*
now . . .
this man here on an *is*land *wa*tching.

What sort of poetry this is, is irrelevant here, as are minor differences of interpretation in the reading. What matters is that it is poetry, formed and rhythmically convincing both as a line to be received by an audience and as a formalization of American speech. MacLeish's ear and the metric it is teaching him are the best bequests modern poetic drama has received to date.

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New Books in Brief

Women in Japan

THE FORCE OF WOMEN IN JAPANESE HISTORY. By Mary R. Beard. Public Affairs Press. $3.75.

Mary R. Beard has filled another void in history. This time it is "The Force of Women in Japanese History," and after reading it you are overwhelmed by the literal fact of the title. Mrs. Beard starts her inexorable march through Japanese history and the role of women in it with the Sun Goddess, Amaterasu Omikami, Japan's "supreme deity," through whose grace the emperor has always ruled. One after another, Japan's empresses are described, and when the supply of these is exhausted, we are introduced to the "court ladies of influence."

Then, in the sphere of the people, we find O-Kuni, the woman who created Kabuki, Japan's most active drama form; a Buddhist nun who operates a "divorce temple"; women who have started business enterprises; and on to the great courtesans of Japan. These courtesans were ladies of cultivation and intelligence who exerted considerable influence over their distinguished patrons. Many of the stories related in Mrs. Beard's book are today immortalized in the Japanese theater—in fact, some of her sections read almost like synopses of plays.

Finally we meet modern Japanese women—writers, painters, workers, pacifists, and government officials who have achieved a curious emancipation even within an archaic structure. The last section offers a review of Japan as a "laboratory of social experiments"—experiments in which Japan went so far beyond the rest of the world that its prime problem, overpopulation, was tackled, through the women, at its roots and abortion was legalized.

Mrs. Beard has accomplished her enormous task with competence and scholarship. Anna Askanasy, a Viennese, had originally asked the Baroness Ishimoto, who was famous for her progressiveness, to start compiling sketches of great Japanese women. The war interfered with this work, and the material lay idle. When Mrs. Beard took it up she must have had to reconstruct every paragraph and reorganize the material to meet the demands of Western logic; her efforts have produced a most readable and valuable book.

Moscow Journal

RUSSIAN ASSIGNMENT. By Leslie C. Stevens. Atlantic Monthly–Little, Brown. $5.75.

Admiral Stevens served as naval attaché in Moscow in 1947-49, and this book is a detailed journal of his stay. It is also a proof that at least one retired American admiral can write with grace and sensitivity and possess a discerning taste in Russian literature and fine arts. Some of the author's descriptive chapters, such as those on Leningrad and Tomsk, are reporting of high literary merit. At the same time, the book has notable shortcomings. It is outdated by the events. It also deliberately ignores politics and economics, which are the bone and sinew of Soviet life. But within the narrow framework the author has built for himself, this is an interesting and readable account. The navy can take pride in at least one of its literary admirals.

Contemporary Scholarship

AMERICAN SCHOLARSHIP IN THE TWENTIETH CENTURY. Edited by Merle Curti. Harvard. $4.50.

The Library of Congress Series in American Civilization has already included convenient and authoritative summaries of modern art, journalism, religion, and the family. The present volume covers a more difficult, or at least a more diffuse, area of contemporary life. Merle Curti traces the general history of American scholarship from the turn of the century. The late Louis Wirth of Chicago University deals with the growth of the social sciences from Sumner to Myrdal in an admirable essay. W. Stull Holt describes the changes in historical scholarship from the omniscient literary figures of the nineteenth century to the scientific "relativism" of Charles Beard and Carl Becker. Walter R. Agard of Wisconsin records the decline of classical scholarship in American universities along with the discoveries in archaeology and epigraphy. In another excellent essay Arthur E. Murphy of Washington University surveys the development of modern philosophy from the pragmatism of William James and Dewey to the renascent eschatology of Reinhold Niebuhr. Alone among these scholars who are more or less committed to the beliefs and values of the liberal and progressive tradition in American scholarship, René Wellek of Yale supports the authoritarian New Criticism. In literary scholarship he calls for a technique and methodology "teachable and transmissable and applicable to any and all works of literature." His essay is a discordant note in the volume; it is also prejudiced and partial in its judgments on the contemporary scene.

Urban Decay and Renewal

RENEWING OUR CITIES. By Miles L. Colean. Twentieth Century Fund. $2.50.

The eroding process of deterioration and decay is a perennial urban problem. Sporadic partial attempts to deal with it through a housing project or the redevelopment of an isolated area barely manage momentarily to stall the spread of blight. In despair the urban resident retreats to a suburb, and city officials, in similar desperation, continue to search for new sources of revenue.

In this survey for the Twentieth Century Fund, Mr. Colean tries to provide a general orientation for policy makers in the problem of urban redevelopment. He views urban renewal as a normal dynamic aspect of a city's existence: certain structures and areas are continually being transformed and replaced to provide a more functional land-use pattern for changing needs. Renewal becomes a problem when this normal process of decay and regeneration breaks down. As an economist the author tends to pose both the problem and its possible solution in terms of such concepts as investment, income, and profit. This is too narrow a base on which to erect a general approach to urban redevelopment. The book's major limitation is that the perspectives of the sociologist, the psychologist, and the architect have little place in Mr. Colean's analysis.

In order to evaluate the general applicability of a particular plan for

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urban redevelopment some attention must be given to the details of specific problems and programs. As in many surveys, so much ground is covered here in so few pages that concrete situations receive but brief and scattered comment, and this reduces the general usefulness of the book.

More Donnish, Less Brassy

THE BEST HUMOR FROM PUNCH. Edited by William Cole and Illustrated by Sprod. World. $3.50.

Americans who used to complain that *Punch* was not like the *New Yorker* now sometimes complain that it is. Wisely the editor of this collection, "selected for Americans by an American," has concentrated on pieces which are English enough without being too English. The result in both prose and verse is a recognizable manner differentiated from that of the best contemporary American humor by being more "cultivated" and less "knowing," more "genteel" and less "sophisticated." At its worst this means what the English themselves called donnishness; at best it really does suggest more culture and less brassiness than we usually show.

Here is the second of two stanzas from the plaint of a young lady who believed her elders when they told her that modesty would get her a man:

> The ointment pots are full of flies,
> And bitter is the cup
> Of those of us who drop our eyes
> And no one picks them up.

An explicator of the new critics' school might point out two artful ambiguities: (1) the ointment pots of the dressing table are confused with the honey pots which catch flies; (2) the antecedent of the last "them" may be either "eyes" or the modest ladies themselves and thus "picks them up" may be either literal or figurative.

Too Much Spice

MISIA AND THE MUSES. The Memoirs of Misia Sert. With an Appreciation by Jean Cocteau. John Day. $3.50.

This is quite a dish. Misia began as the daughter of a Polish painter married to the daughter of a Belgian violinist and a Russian aristocrat. On the first page of her memoirs her pregnant mother receives a letter saying the mother's husband has just had a child by his own aunt; and the pace never slackens. Married first to a fabulously rich man who sold her to another fabulously rich man, she married still later the fashionable muralist Jose-Maria Sert (*vide* his "rooms" in Rockefeller Center and the Waldorf). Like Lanny Budd she met all the great. Liszt complimented her on her piano playing, Mallarmé wrote verses on her fan, Renoir and Lautrec painted her. On one occasion she rushed off to call upon Ibsen; Stravinsky, Diaghilev, Valéry, Picasso, Ravel, and goodness knows how many others were intimates. That she ever got anything from them or from anybody else except a hysterical sense of being in the swim is not evident. Her memoirs read like something which might have been cooked up by Ronald Firbank, Evelyn Waugh, and the early Carl Van Vechten in collaboration. But if it is spice and glamour you are after, they are here in rather too much abundance. Says Cocteau, "One should render homage to the profound and sparkling women who live in the shadow of the men of their epoch and who, within the artists' world, through the simple fact that they emanate a radiance more beautiful than necklaces, exercise an occult influence."

Gruesome Entertainment

SOMEONE LIKE YOU. By Ronald Dahl. Knopf. $3.50.

Trick stories with macabre themes and surprise endings: for example, Lamb to the Slaughter tells the tale of a policeman's wife who murders her husband by braining him with a frozen leg of lamb and then destroys the evidence by cooking the lamb and feeding it to her late husband's associates who are searching for the murder weapon. Clever, entertaining, ephemeral.

Modern Hero in Old Spain

FIESTA. By Prudencio de Pereda. A. A. Wyn. $3.75.

A rather sentimental and popularized novel of modern Spain that nevertheless has warmth and insight. The American hero returns to his father's village shortly before the local fiesta. He has sympathized with the Republicans in the civil war; he has been divorced—a "tragedy" to the Spanish peasants—and has had an unhappy love affair. The conflict of values between the modern protagonist and the people of the pueblo, isolated, ignorant, rooted in a past that is both heroic and annoying, is perhaps the main achievement of the story. During the contest for the Christ role in the ancient Passion Play the underlying ten-

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sions among these affectionate, opinionated, and sometimes ruthless village people are brought out into the open. The wounds and scars of the civil war are stripped bare again; the shadow of the Falangists falls across even this remote community—and here, unfortunately, Mr. Pereda himself descends into melodrama. He is at his best as a poet of place and mood and love.

Art

S. Lane Faison, Jr.

YOUNGER European Painters, an exhibition presented by the Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, includes a single work by each of thirty painters, twelve of them French and twelve others longtime residents of Paris. Since many of these artists are young in reputation rather than in age, the exhibition might better have been called Recent European Painting. About a third of them were born in the first decade of our century, another third in the second decade, a few have just turned thirty, two are approaching sixty, and one, Georges Hillaireau, is seventy. All of the works shown were painted in the past four years except Antoine Mortier's Variation (Torso) of 1948. All are modern-abstract, but most of the best ones have connotations in nature—as against pure decoration on the one hand and as against what I am beginning to think is the awful arithmetic of Mondrian on the other. Seven or eight have titles explicitly denoting landscape, and several more would not be betrayed by similar labels. Surrealism of the Dali brand is nowhere to be seen, and magic realism is likewise absent. It is hard to reject the implication that in the view of James Johnson Sweeney, who chose these pictures, those two tangents of contemporary art are as dead as doornails. As my own prejudices run in this direction, I am happy to be able to concentrate upon a fairly well-defined idiom of modern expression, and to select from within those limits.

The most powerful single picture, I think, is by the French painter Pierre Soulages. Called simply Painting, it suggests in its black-brown vertical planes a gigantic industrial construction transfigured by a Rembrandt light in straw yellow coming from behind and within. Recently the Museum of Modern Art acquired a horizontal composition by this painter, all blacks and deep blues, with the planes in diagonal tension as exquisitely poised as in the finest Braque collages of 1913. Taken together, these two pictures give assurance that Soulages is a master and moreover a master in the plastic French tradition which begins in Gothic sculpture and Fouquet, accelerates in Poussin and La Tour, and skips most of the eighteenth century to resume in Corot, Daumier, Courbet, and Cézanne. The great lone instance in the rococo age is of course Chardin, and it is not too much to say that Soulages can lay a plane diagonally across verticals as Chardin sets a long clay pipe across an arrangement of still life, and then make it poetic by an effect of light. One might superficially compare the Guggenheim painting to Charles Demuth's My Egypt (Whitney Museum), of 1927, but Soulages is much more powerful in the painter's own terms, and he does not depend in the least upon the attractions of historical allusion.

Another profoundly French picture is Forest, by Raoul Ubac, whose Still Life richly deserved a prize at the Pittsburgh International last year. Though Ubac was born in Belgium, his career may be properly called French both in fact and in meaning. To borrow a phrase from Cézanne, this Forest is Léger restudied from nature. It is strong but not brutish, and in sensibility, as for example in the delicate variations of gray and green, it rivals Manet, and so adumbrates that elegance of taste which Léger, to his discredit, so stoutly deplores.

Equally elegant is Jean Bazaine's Frosty Landscape, primarily in grays and muted blues. Here the brushwork makes up in force for what the composition at first seems to lack. Manessier's Games in the Snow is a variant on the tightly knit and wonderfully receding patterns of a painting which won, and deserved, an honorable mention at Pittsburgh. Gustave Singier, of Belgian origin like Ubac, has lived in Paris since the age of ten. His Dutch Town, with its brilliant orange ground, has something of what I like to think of as Mondrian's Dutch precision—à la Saenredam—but the closely locked forms are freely curving and the colors richly orchestrated. In Singer we approach decoration as we begin to depart from poetic expression. A further step in this less rewarding direction is taken by the Italian Capogrossi and by the French Degottex and Lapique; the latter's Armed Figure I find uninteresting even as ornament.

Much stronger fare is provided by the Scottish painter William Scott, whose Yellow and Black Composition, actually mustard and dark olive, with its finely dovetailed long wedge shapes, is so executed that it would make Niles Spencer's City Walls (Museum of Modern Art) look like a mere stage set.

Blue Night, by the Canadian-born Jean-Paul Riopelle, now living in Paris, may or may not contain overtones of Jackson Pollock, who is rather too exclusively known there among younger American painters. It is layered in oils as thick as loam, but compared to Pollock it resembles more an enlarged detail of a late Monet, reinterpreted. Georges Mathieu's huge Painting stakes everything on the delicate tensions of curling white and red lines gathering weight and complexity as they move left to right across a mat black ground and are finally stopped by a subdued red vertical bar. I like it somewhat as I like a big Calder mobile, but in such a large canvas I want more nourishment.

The German Hans Hartung, a French citizen since the war, is well represented by 5-50 Painting 8 (a date and number title erroneously listed in the catalogue as T-50). Another German, Fritz Winter, of whom complimentary mention has appeared in this column before, has painted better pictures than Earthbound, though the deep space of a seemingly flat composition and the dark tragic air have his strong impact.

The whole exhibition offers argument against the reputed cultural decline of Europe, as the Pittsburgh International did a year ago. If the artistic center is shifting across the ocean, the most one can say is that it is shifting, not that it has shifted.

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Records

B. H. Haggin

AS AGAINST those whose ears go along with the accepted view of Bach's B minor Mass as a towering masterpiece from first note to last, I have come to hear only in certain portions of it the products of what W. J. Turner once described as "those really creative moments which are popularly called inspired." They are the second *Kyrie,* the *Gratias agimus, Qui tollis,* and *Cum sancto spiritu* of the *Gloria,* the *Et incarnatus est* and *Crucifixus est* of the *Credo,* the *Sanctus,* and the *Dona nobis pacem,* all for chorus; and only one aria, the charming *Et in spiritum sanctum* of the *Credo* for bass. And I have just encountered an interesting formulation of this view in a volume of Turner's articles, "Music and Life" (1921).

Quoting Terry's description of the fifty-three cantatas Bach composed between 1736 and 1744 as an "unflagging cataract of inspiration in which masterpiece followed masterpiece with the monotonous periodicity of a Sunday sermon," Turner calls it nonsense and contends that "this 'monotonous periodicity' was exactly what was wrong with a great deal of Bach's music." Bach, he says, "had arrived at the point of being able to sit down at any minute of any day and compose what had all the superficial appearance of being a masterpiece. It is possible that even Bach himself did not know which was a masterpiece and which was not, and it is abundantly clear to me that in all his large-sized works there are huge chunks of stuff to which inspiration is the last word that one could apply." Turner finds most of the *Kyrie* and *Gloria* of the Mass to be such a chunk; and while the academic musician, "with the score in his hands and his soul long ago defunct," is interested in and amazed by Bach's prodigious technical skill, for Turner "even such virtuosity as Bach's is valueless unless . . . it is as expressive as it is accomplished." This leads him to reject the opening chorus of the *Credo* in which the music for the tremendous statement *Credo in unum Deum* "shows no sign of Bach's imagination having been fired at all"; but to accept later passages in the *Credo* —"some magnificent choruses, including the sublime *Crucifixus,* and the delightful bass aria [*Et in spiritum sanctum*]."

THE OCCASION for these comments on the Mass is a performance issued by Urania on two of its lower-priced records —a good performance in which Fritz Lehmann conducts the chorus and orchestra of Radio Berlin and excellent soloists. In fact a better soprano than the two used in Westminster's older performance on three regular-priced records; but in view of the greater importance of the choral portions of the work it is more important that the small Vienna Akademie Kammerchor of the Westminster performance is a much finer chorus which sings with more sensitively inflected, beautifully blended, and distinctly reproduced tone; and I find Scherchen's slower pacing of the work more effective.

A young reader wrote me a couple of years ago about an English Columbia recording of Bach's Cantata No. 51 "Jauchzet Gott in allen Landen," saying he had been too exhilarated by Elisabeth Schwarzkopf's singing to be able to report on the work. The recording has been issued here on a Columbia LP; and my reader turns out to have been right about Schwarzkopf's singing of the florid music: it is nothing less than spectacular in its unfailingly accurate brilliance. And as an older and professional listener I can report that the work is one of the uninspired products that Bach turned out with "monotonous periodicity." Schwarzkopf also sings "Sheep May Safely Graze" and "My Heart Ever Faithful"; and on the reverse side is Hans Hotter's beautiful singing in the Cantata No. 82 "Ich habe genug," of which I find only the opening aria impressive. The excellent Philharmonia Orchestra and instrumental soloists are conducted by Peter Gellhorn and Anthony Bernard.

Esoteric has issued English Medieval Carols and Christmas Music, with pieces that may interest other listeners more than they interested me, sung well by the Primavera Singers of the New York Pro Musica Antiqua under Noah Greenberg's direction.

And Columbia has issued a recording that is one of the outstanding events of the year: "The Rake's Progress," sung by the original excellent Metropolitan Opera cast, but with the smaller-sized orchestra that couldn't be used in the Metropolitan, and with Stravinsky conducting and giving the work the clarity, force, and exciting tension his music always acquires when he conducts it.

The Little Orchestra Society's greatest claim to the gratitude of the New York public is its performance of Berlioz's "L'Enfance du Christ" two years ago and annual repetitions of the work since then. Unfortunately Thomas Scherman

We wish our many friends and readers of THE NATION the best for the Holiday Season and a Happy New Year.

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has chosen not only to repeat the work but to have it performed by exactly the same people as the first time; and while there was good reason to keep the beautiful singing of William Jonson's Choral Art Society, the tenor Leopold Simoneau, and the bass Donald Gramm, the singing of Martial Singher and Mary Davenport was not agreeable to the ear even two years ago, and was painful this time. The orchestra played with the beautiful tone and finish it exhibited in performances of Bloch's Viola Suite with Herbert Feldman and Françaix's Violin Suite with Jan Tomasow at an earlier concert. On that occasion the excellent soloists were heard also in a performance of Mozart's Sinfonie Concertante K.364 in which the music and the orchestra's tone suffered from Mr. Scherman's attempt to liven up the work with sharp accentuation.

Letters

Musil and "M. Bergeret"

Dear Sirs: In your Fall Book Issue, Van Wyck Brooks takes a cue from Mr. West's review of Musil's "The Man Without Qualities" in the *New Yorker* and continues: "Now this reviewer seems to prove that Musil is not an innovator but an imitator in technique, theme, and character alike, and that he has modeled his whole work, in every essential respect, on Anatole France's 'Monsieur Bergeret' series. The parallel is deadly, so deadly indeed that, *without going behind him* [my italics] one can feel reasonably sure that the reviewer is right." To this astonishing *credo quia absurdum* Mr. Brooks attaches such well-intentioned regrets as "Anatole France is forgotten" and "general literary knowledge has all but disappeared" among critics.

How true, one should like to add, pointing to the fact that none of our professional littérateurs has taken the trouble to contest Mr. West's strange opinions. But what of the readers? At least to this one, Anatole France is still very much alive, so much so that he can assure Mr. Brooks: on no level of comparison, be it plot and characters, or technique and style, or artistic intent in general, is there any similarity between Musil's book and "Monsieur Bergeret à Paris", or any of the three other volumes of France's masterly "Histoire Contemporaine." Of course, Musil is a reflective writer. Those who must have their daily bath in the stream of consciousness will certainly find him "arid"; yet only fashion prevents them from saying the same about the greater part of France's production, Mann's "Magic Mountain," Wilder's "Ides of March," and many other "intellectual" books.

There is, of course, no need to assert the originality of Musil's work. Whoever is interested in a serious evaluation of that part of it which so far is available in English can read Mr. Pritchett's thoughtful and sensitive essay in the London *New Statesman and Nation* of April 11.

G. KUERTI
Cleveland Heights, Ohio

Not Anti-American—But

Dear Sirs: We writers, teachers, doctors, scientists, and architects whose joint interest is in peace and international cooperation feel obliged to draw attention to the grave damage being done to Anglo-American understanding by the current attacks on intellectuals in the United States. Scarcely a week passes without our reading of the smearing of a writer, the blacklisting of a screen writer, the dismissal of a teacher or university professor. The other day it was William Frauenglass, a New York public-school teacher of English; then the English author, Cedric Belfrage; a month or so earlier Professor Barrows Dunham, whom some of us met over here two years ago; before that Charlie Chaplin and a long line of writers as well known on this side of the Atlantic as in America—Eric Ambler, Thomas Mann, Lillian Hellman, Howard Fast, Dashiell Hammett, and many others.

Need we state that we are not "anti-American"? We would oppose conformism enforced by any agencies, private or governmental. The traditional contribution of writers and thinkers to intellectual understanding and international friendship cannot flourish as a by-product of the cold war. And it was our common literary forbear, John Milton, who cried in similar critical times, "Give me the liberty to know, to utter, and to argue freely according to conscience, above all liberties."

ROGER MAC DOUGALL, DUNCAN LEYS, MARGARET DAVIES, KENNETH NEWTON, DOUGLAS MC LEAN, F. G. GREGORY, R. FURNEAUX JORDAN, D. C. BAILEY
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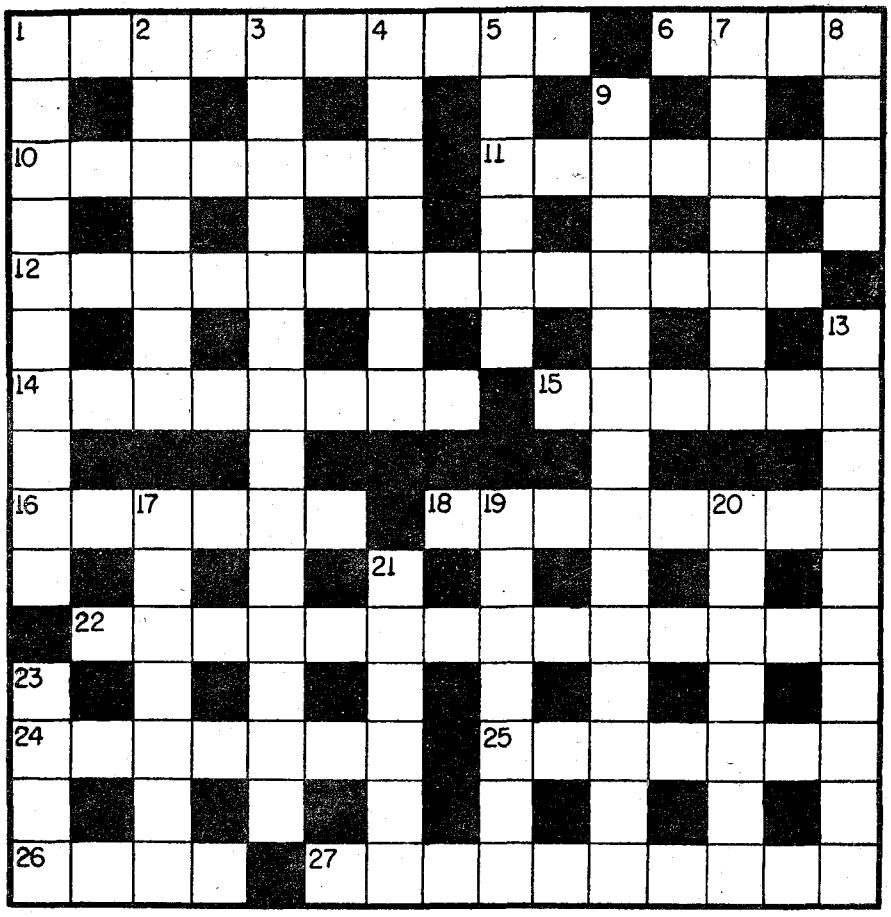
Crossword Puzzle No. 548

BY FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 A sort of maraschino might be typified by this. (5, 5)
6 Not exactly nag, but might be applied to it. (4)
10 Animal with a famous Patch, but fast in certain races. (7)
11 This is rich! (7)
12 Using an ounce so is just relative. (14)
14 Never rebel! (8)
15 The sort of angle a radio set used to need. (6)
16 Depilate? (6)
18 Does it involve Washington light? (8)
22 ----- his adversaries in politics race there? (9, 5)
24 Notice, it's put in the clamps? (7)
25 Shake, and even run! (7)
26 Animals of the western range. (4)
27 Bad press about the monsters? (10)

DOWN

1 Preternatural. (10)
2 Extremely unmannerly, yet feminine, perhaps. (7)
3 Pertaining to water and iron. (9, 5)
4 Greene's suit is possibly the wrong color when he plays like this! (7)
5 A dose of sulphur and molasses shouldn't be accented! (6)
7 Continue, for the most part, to act like a brash undertaker. (7)
8 See 23 down.
9 Extra at a cake party? (14)
13 Attaches rather badly, considering the rage she's in. (10)
17 Seine's emptying point. (2, 5)
19 The sword of Siegfried. (7)
20 Where to find what sounds like patience? (7)
21 Fault-finder. (6)
23 and 8 down. Cut from the net price, perhaps. (8)

~●~

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE No. 547

ACROSS:—1 AEGIS; 4 RACONTEUR; 9, 12 and 19 THE RETURN OF THE NATIVE; 10 WHEEL; 11 CONTENDER; 13 CHATELAINE; 17 SPIRITUALS; 21 ENOCH; 22 DITHYRAMB; 23 THANE; 24 RHOMBOIDS; 25 SERENADES; 26 LEEKS.

DOWN:—1 ATTACK; 2 GREENS; 3 SEEDED; 4 ROUND-SHOULDERED; 5 CONGRATULATIONS; 6 NEW WORLD; 7 ELECTRIC; 8 RELIEVED; 14 ASBESTOS; 15 MINOTAUR; 16 EIGHTEEN; 18 SYMBOL; 20 ABASES.

Readers are invited to send for a free copy of Mr. Lewis's "ground rules." Address requests to Puzzle Dept., The Nation, 333 Sixth Avenue, New York 14, New York.

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Read what The Christian Science Monitor says about a new way to travel that sometimes costs 1/3 to 1/2 less.

BY THE travel editor of The Christian Science Monitor: Many fascinating travel booklets pass over this desk in the course of a year but the one that arrived the other day so interested this department that it cost the office several hours of work in order that we might absorb its content. The booklet is entitled "Travel Routes Around the World" and is the traveler's directory to passenger-carrying freighters and liners. In no time at all you find yourself far out to sea cruising along under tropical skies without a care in the world. You find yourself docking at strange ports and taking land tours to those places you long have read about. Most interesting of the vast listings of ships are the freighters which carry a limited number of passengers in quarters comparable to the luxury offered in the so-called big cruise ships which devote most of their space for passengers.

The booklet first of all answers the question: What is a freighter? The modern freighter, says the booklet, ranks with the de-luxe passenger vessels so far as comfort and accommodations are concerned.

LARGE ROOMS WITH BEDS

It is important to realize that in most cases today, freighter passengers are considered first-class passengers, although the rates charged are generally on a par with either cabin or tourist-class fare. Most passenger-carrying freighters, to quote the booklet, have their private bath and shower, and these cabins offer beds, not bunks. The rooms are generally larger than equivalent accommodations aboard passenger ships, and the cabin of a modern freighter is sometimes even twice as large as first-class cabins on some of the older passenger ships. It goes without saying that your room is on the outside, and amidships, the most expensive of all locations, for which you are usually charged a premium over the advertised minimum fares on passenger ships.

This booklet points out that it is frequently astonishing how low freighter fares are as compared with passenger ship fares: for example, less than one-half of the passenger ship fare to California is the amount asked on freighters. On most of the longer runs, the difference in favor of the freighters is regularly from a third to half of the passenger ship fare.

SERVICE AND MEALS RATED EXCELLENT

Service and meals on a freighter leave little to be desired. You will be treated with consideration. Stewards will go out of their way to make your voyage pleasant. On ships with East Indian stewards you will be waited on almost hand and foot, in a manner that is completely unknown to Americans and most Europeans.

Foreign ships offer their own specialties, says the booklet. Thus vessels in the East Indian trade serve Rijkstafel (or King's Table), the East Indian dish which can run to as many as 50 different courses, Scandinavian ships serve Smorgasbord every day, and some of their desserts (like strawberries smothered in a huge bowl of whipped cream) are never forgotten. Another feature of freighter travel is in its informality. No formal clothes are needed. Sports clothes are enough.

Other valuable information such as how to tip, shipboard activities and costs are covered in the booklet, "Travel Routes Around the World." Some of the trips listed include a trip to England for $160, a 12-day Caribbean cruise for $240, or a leisurely three-month Mediterranean voyage.

The booklet is published by Harian Publications, Greenlawn, New York, and may be obtained by sending to the publisher. So, when it arrives all you need to do is sit down and take your choice. The booklet lists literally hundreds of ocean trips.

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